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## WHAT A FEW LADIES COULD DO.

It is a curious consideration, and ought to touch us all very deeply: Here is a horde of degraded and depraved people, whom we hear of through police reports and similar documents, and whom nearly all but official persons shrink from—they seem a hopeless leas of society, and we turn from their vices and their sufferings alike, as from something in destiny which we cannot interfere with; and yet it is as certain as that the sun shines in heaven, that all of these unfortunate have elements of good in their natures, capable, in favourable circumstances, of effecting a great change in them for the better. We have certainty on this point from the facts attending such ministrations as those of Whitefield and Mrs Fry—to go no further. No cases so bad but always some kind or degree of improvement is found possible. Doubtless, there are great natural differences in the tendencies of us human beings; but, take the apparently worst, and you invariably find in them a sense of conflict with some surrounding conditions which have operated against them, and made them worse than they might have been. Take away the pressure of the only less guilty worldliness round about them, and substitute for it a voice of pure unmistakably disinterested kindness, breathing a desire for their welfare, and you see their vicious selfishness give way. Appeal to them on the broad religious ground of our common nature and common destinies, our universal sense of dependence on a creating and sustaining power, which knows our weakness, and throws off none who seek forgiveness, and you find the choked fountain welling up the pure water at once.

For those whose degradation has stopped short at mere poverty, we provide in England houses where they may have the barest necessities of existence. For those who by crime have become positive nuisances to society, we provide prisons and penitentiaries. We maintain in both instances an aspect essentially hostile. Aiming at the prevention of poverty and crime, we must needs make both terrible in their consequences. Now, all the people we are here dealing with, come to us spited and antagonistic, and what we do with them only tends to make them more spited and antagonistic still. It is not wonderful, then, that poor-houses and prisons generally are far from being satisfactory institutions.

Suppose we, on our side, give way from the antagonistic position, and receive paupers and criminals with smiling faces and good entertainment, why, then, whole hordes of the humbler classes would prefer being with us to maintaining an honourable struggle for self-

maintenance. That system, evidently, would not run long. Well, then, it is a dilemma? and, frankly, we suspect it really is so. Poverty and crime will be where there are such things as competition and property; if you treat poverty and crime in an entirely humane way, where are competition and property?

No revolution on this last point being to be expected, we have to look out for the best practical means which may be found of at least alleviating the evil. Is there any way of reaching the good parts of the nature of unfortunate and degraded people, even while the present social dispensation lasts? If there be, it may obviously conduce in no small degree to the comfort of us all.

Mrs Jameson replies\* by pointing to some of the truths developed in the course of the late charitable doings of Miss Nightingale and her associates in the east. The power of pure-minded charitable women of the educated classes to do good in extensive scenes of suffering, is familiar to the people of Catholic countries through the operation of religious sisterhoods. In our country, where charity has for ages been a machine collecting and dispensing money, and nothing more, it broke upon us all on a sudden two years ago that educated women had this power. Experience has shewn, that for the purpose in view no formal setting aside of the individual under a vow was necessary. The common feelings of humanity, as sanctioned and sustained by religious principle, were found to be enough. We know, too, that there is in society a kind of surplus of women, of whom it may not only be said that they are qualified to take a part in such operations, but to whom it would be a positive blessing to be put in the way of charitable and reformatory duty among their unfortunate fellow-creatures.

Mrs Jameson says with reference to the hospitals in the east: 'All to whom I have spoken, without one exception, bear witness to the salutary influence exercised by the lady-nurses over the men, and the submission and gratitude of the patients. In the most violent attacks of fever and delirium, when the orderlies could not hold them down in their beds, the mere presence of one of these ladies, instead of being exciting, had the effect of instantly calming the spirits and subduing the most refractory. It is allowed, also, that these ladies had the power to repress swearing and bad and coarse language; to prevent the smuggling of brandy and raka into the wards; to open the hearts of the sullen and desperate to contrition and responsive kindness. The facts are recorded, and remain uncon-

\* See her newly published pamphlet, under the title of *The Communion of Labour*. Longman & Co.

tradicted; but the natural inference to be drawn from them does not seem to have struck our medical men.'

Now hospitals are generally under hired nurses alone; and the deficiency of a moral element in them is notorious. Within the last few months, that connected with King's College in London has received into its wards an experimental corps of lady-nurses, and it is testified already that 'a purifying and harmonising influence' is at work. Mrs Jameson has ascertained that similar improvements have taken place in the hospitals of various continental cities after the introduction of Sisters of Charity. In a military one at Turin, the sick soldiers used to be attended to only by 'orderlies' from the neighbouring barracks—men chosen because they were unfit for other work. 'The most rigid discipline was necessary to keep them in order; and the dirt, neglect, and general immorality were frightful. Any change, however, was resisted by the military and medical authorities, till the invasion of the cholera: then the orderlies became, most of them, useless, distracted, and almost paralysed with terror. Some devoted Sisters of Charity were introduced in a moment of perplexity and panic; then all went well—propriety, cleanliness, and comfort prevailed. "No day passes," said my informant, "that I do not bless God for the change which I was the humble instrument of accomplishing in this place!"'

From hospitals to prisons is a considerable step; but even in these, continental experience speaks strongly of the value of disinterested feminine influence. A Sardinian minister of the interior testifies the indisputable fact, that the prisons of Piedmont which are served by the Sisters of Charity are 'the best ordered, the most cleanly, and in all respects the best regulated in the country.' 'Not only,' says he, 'have we experienced the advantage of employing the Sisters of Charity in the prisons, in the supervision of the details, in distributing food, preparing medicines, and nursing the sick in the infirmaries; but we find that the influence of these ladies on the minds of the prisoners, when recovering from sickness, has been productive of the greatest benefit, as leading to permanent reform in many cases, and a better frame of mind always.'

Mrs Jameson visited at Neudorf, in Austria, a prison which has been for three years *managed* by religious women alone, with such good results, that the government is preparing to organise eleven other prisons on the same plan. The tale seems incredible; but Mrs Jameson speaks from personal observation and the highest official information. 'At the time I visited it,' says she, 'this prison consisted of several different buildings, and a large garden enclosed by high walls. The inmates were divided into three classes completely separated. The first were the criminals, the most desperate characters, brought there from the prisons at Vienna, and the very refuse of those prisons. They had been brought there six or eight at a time, fettered hand and foot, and guarded by soldiers and policemen. The second class, drafted from the first, were called the penitents; they were allowed to assist in the house, to cook, and to wash, and to work in the garden; which last was a great boon. There were more than fifty of this class. The third class were the voluntaries, those who, when their term of punishment and penitence had expired, preferred remaining in the house, and were

allowed to do so. They were employed in work, of which a part of the profit was retained for their benefit. There were about twelve or fourteen of this class. The whole number of criminals then in the prison exceeded 200, and they expected more the next day.

'To manage these unhappy, disordered, perverted creatures, there were twelve women, assisted by three chaplains, a surgeon, and a physician: none of the men resided in the house, but visited it every day. The soldiers and police-officers, who had been sent in the first instance as guards and jailers, had been dismissed. The dignity, good sense, patience, and tenderness of this female board of management were extraordinary. The ventilation and the cleanliness were perfect; while the food, beds, and furniture were of the very coarsest kind. . . . There was a dispensary, under the care of two Sisters, who acted as chief nurses and apothecaries. One of these was busy with the sick, the other went round with me. She was a little, active woman, not more than two or three and thirty, with a most cheerful face, and bright, kind, dark eyes. She had been two years in the prison, and had previously received a careful training of five years—three years in the general duties of her vocation, and two years of medical training. She spoke with great intelligence of the differences of individual temperament, requiring a different medical and moral treatment. The Sister who superintended the care of the criminals was the oldest I saw, and she was bright-looking also. The superior, who presided over the whole establishment, had a serious look, and a pale, careworn, but perfectly mild and dignified face.

'The difference between the countenances of those criminals who had lately arrived, and those who had been admitted into the class of penitents, was extraordinary. The first were either stupid, gross, and vacant, or absolutely frightful from the predominance of evil propensities. The latter were at least humanised.

'When I expressed my astonishment that so small a number of women could manage such a set of wild and wicked creatures, the answer was: "If we want assistance, we shall have it; but it is as easy with our system to manage two hundred or three hundred as one hundred or fifty." She then added devoutly: "The power is not in ourselves; it is granted from above." It was plain that she had the most perfect faith in that power, and in the text which declared all things possible to faith.'

An abundance of facts of this kind ought to set us at rest as to the usefulness of female influence of an elevated kind amongst the criminal class. The harvest is there, if we had the reapers. Can we suppose, either that British ladies will never be found to go forth as missionaries of charitable and reforming duty among depraved people, as their continental sisters do, or that there is anything in the genius of our social institutions to make their interference undesirable? Surely not. If they believe that they receive the Christian religion in a purer form than continental women do, how can they better shew it than in working out, if possible, in a purer and higher form, Christ's divine breathings of love to the most lost, and hope for all—the heavenly doctrine of the value of every human soul, in whatever weakness and wickedness it may have hitherto manifested itself? No doubt, it requires special feelings as well as powers

to form a vocation to so sacred a duty; but so does it do in Catholic countries likewise.

To speak of poor-houses, is to come to the minor problem. Mrs Jameson has here also observed much, and we regret to say that her report as to the tendence upon the sick and infirm in this class of our institutions is generally unfavourable. 'Neither peace, nor forbearance, nor mutual respect is there, nor reverence, nor gratitude.' 'Besides the sick and the miserable, there are also to be found the vicious, the reckless, the utterly depraved; and I could not discover that there is any system of gentle religious discipline which aimed at the reforming of the bad, or the separation of the bad from the good, except in one of our great metropolitan workhouses. The depraved women bring contamination with them. . . . The loudest tongues, the most violent tempers, the *she-bullies*, as they are called, always are the best-off; the gentler spirit sinks down, lies still, perhaps for six, or eight, or twelve years—I have seen such—and so waits for death.'

Mrs Jameson sums up the matter in a sentence—a vulgar and brutal power is brought to bear on vulgarity and brutality; 'so you increase and multiply, and excite, as in a hotbed, all the material of evil, instead of neutralising it with good.'

'I was lately,' says this admirable woman, 'in a workhouse ward containing twenty-two beds; twenty-one were filled with poor, decrepit old women, in the last stage of existence. The nurse was, as usual, a coarse old hag. In the twenty-second bed was a young person of better habits, who had been an invalid, but was not helpless; she was there because she had no home to go to. There was no shelf or drawer near her bed to place anything in; this was not allowed, lest spirits should be concealed: the book she was reading—anything she wished to keep for herself—was deposited in her bed, or under it; nothing was done for comfort, and very little for decency. The power of retiring, for a little space, from all these eyes and tongues, was quite out of the question; and so it was everywhere. A poor, decent old woman, sinking into death, in a ward where there were twenty-five other inmates, wished to be read to; but there was no one to do this: she thought she would try to bribe one of the others to read to her, by the offer of "a hap'orth of snuff;" but even this would not do.' She adds—and we must heartily echo the inquiry—'I would ask whether such a state of things could exist if some share in the administration and supervision of workhouses were in the hands of intelligent and refined women whose aid should be voluntary? . . . There are many women of small independent means, who would gladly serve their fellow-creatures, requiring nothing but the freedom and the means so to devote themselves. There are women who would prefer "laying up for themselves treasures in heaven," to coining their souls into pounds, shillings, and pence on earth, who, having nothing, ask nothing but a subsistence secured to them, and for this are willing to give the best that is in them, and work out their lives while strength is given them. I believe that such service is especially blessed; I believe that service does not weary, is more gracious and long-suffering than any other, blessing those who give and those who receive. I believe it has a potency for good that no hired service can have.'

As we said before, while selfish interests rule the world, there will be crime and poverty; and a remedy for the entire evil is not at hand, perhaps never will be attained—though if a more extended term were allotted to a generation, we confess we should have hopes. To take advantage, however, in the meanwhile, of the alleviating power which resides in a section of the community more removed than any other from the strife of sordid interests, is obviously wise. We

sincerely hope that the movement towards this object which the late war has been the indirect means of creating, will go on, and that we shall in a little time have our quiet, unobtrusive, but efficient sisterhoods, for the purification and guidance of the fallen and unfortunate.

#### THE NUREMBERG LIVING EGG.\*

ONE day an aged citizen of Nuremberg came before the mayor, and submitted to him the request, that he would allow him to be shut up in prison for a short time, in order that he might there be able entirely to devote himself to his own thoughts without being disturbed. This application astonished the mayor not a little, and with great gentleness he asked the citizen, whom he knew very well, the cause of so singular a wish.

'My wife and my sons worry me so dreadfully,' answered the citizen. 'I have a speculation of importance in my head, which I will at present discover to nobody. A wise man speaks only of deeds that are done. But my inquisitive family tease me with their questions, and their suspicions, and their reproaches, so that I have not one moment of peace. When I put them off, or if I go to work in my own little workshop, they disturb me incessantly, and worry me to death. I therefore want a few weeks of quiet, or I shall really die of anxiety and trouble of mind.' This explanation astonished the mayor still more.

'My good man,' replied he, 'the trade of your sons, which you yourself also carry on, is of itself rather a noisy one. Brasiers and suchlike persons are not very gentle and quiet in their occupation; but still there must be some part of your house in which nobody can have a right to disturb you.'

'But they do disturb me nevertheless; they break my door open, rummage all my things, and displace the work I have begun. I can bear it no longer.'

'I will inquire into this,' said the mayor, after considering a short time; 'but put all thoughts of the prison out of your head. Leave that dismal dwelling to those who have deserved punishment. The place for honest people is their own homes.' The tradesman made a sad face at this speech.

'Then,' cried he, 'I shall never be able to finish what I have in my head! My life is a continual misery to me, and in the meanwhile the time is irretrievably lost. Ah! nobody knows how dear time is to me at this very moment!' The mayor now admonished him afresh, and advised him earnestly to visit the bloodletter, who would no doubt find some means of quieting him. Peter Hele shook his head, and wended his way home again.

As the mayor kept his word, and caused the wife and sons of the good citizen to be brought before him, there arose a great disturbance on their return home, for the old man did not deny the request he had made to the mayor, or what he had related to him about them. Upon this the mother and sons went boldly into court, and declared that for some time there had been no living with the father. The wife said he had become very odd in his ways; that he was always murmuring to himself about things which had no sense; that he now never spoke a reasonable word to anybody; and that upon the slightest observation from her he got so angry as to be almost beside himself, and often threatened to beat her. Going on in this way, he did no work, although the sons were quite young, inexperienced lads; the business all went wrong, and yet the father continued to eat the daily bread he did not earn.

'You talk very unfeelingly,' said the mayor.

'Unfeelingly, indeed!' answered the wife. 'The domestic concerns are so heavy a weight upon me, that

\* From the German of Spindler.

I am quite borne down with care, and yet I married that I might have peace, and escape trouble. You are a rich man, and do not know how hard it goes with poor artisans to earn their bread, when the master lays his hands in his lap, and sets an example of idleness to young men'—

'So far as I can remember,' interrupted the mayor, 'Master Peter, your husband, has always been an industrious, well-conducted man.'

'Yes, your worship, so he always was, till about half a year ago.' Here tears prevented her from going on.

The mayor now turned to the eldest son, and learned from him that the father had, during the space of more than a year, given signs of a disturbed state of mind. He had talked to himself as if in a dream whilst engaged in the work belonging to his trade, and had got so bad at last as to spoil all he did. At last, he had quite given up attending to business, and had spent whole days and nights locked in his room. He was often heard to be counting out loud, but they did not know what he was counting; and he kept on tinkering and rattling with something, but they did not know what with. As he had now become more and more exasperated, and would no longer allow any questions or remonstrances, the sons had several times broken into his room, in order to discover his secret, but they had found nothing but useless pieces of wood and metal, and a little kind of machine rudely made by their father himself—a thing totally unknown to them, and, in their opinion, of no use in the world. He, the son Peter, thought his father must be wrong in his head, and that it was quite time to deprive him of the conduct of the affairs of the family, and put it into the hands of the mother and the sons.

Upon the same questions being put to the second son, Josef, who was of as cool a temperament as his brother Peter was choleric, and who was as inert as his brother was hot and daring, he made the following statement:

'I have observed,' said he, 'that since Candlemas of this year my father has become cross and melancholy. He sleeps, and eats, and drinks very little, but does as my mother and brother have already said—he looks at the stars, and reads books that tell of the planets, and failure of crops, and famine and pestilence. I think, however, that he has been acted upon by witchcraft; for at Candlemas-time, an Italian, a native of Florence, came to see him, and remained several days in the house, and he had a great deal of conversation with my father; then he went away suddenly, and no sooner was he gone, than my father's strange conduct began. The Italians are very often sorcerers, even if my father has not given himself up to the black-art. He very often says to us: "Be silent with your teasing questions. I will say nothing to you about my secret, even if it cost me my life; but if you will be patient, I will make you rich men some day. I must, and will complete it."'

'Yes, yes; he says that often enough,' chimed in the mother and brother; 'but in the meantime, our affairs are going to ruin.'

'Are your children all here?' said the mayor to the wife. She answered in an indifferent tone: 'I have one more, a daughter. She is married to the tailor, Willibald; but as she has left us three years, she can know but little about her father's state.'

Upon this the mayor dismissed the wife and sons, admonishing them to treat the old man with respect and with patience, and then he ordered the tailor's wife to be called before him. The young woman modestly and timidly obeyed the summons; but she no sooner heard that it was upon the subject of her father's supposed insanity, than she burst out crying. When she had recovered herself, she made the following statement in a clear tone, and with an honest manner and countenance:

'I know but little,' said she, 'of what my father does

at home: I go there but seldom, because my mother is not kind to me, and, still more, because my poor father is so ill treated. "What is the matter with you, father?" they keep on saying to him from morning till night: "you are quite beside yourself, and you idle away your time instead of helping to support yourself; you do nothing to increase our means, but help to diminish them; if you continue to go on in this way, you must go to the workhouse;" and so they keep on. How often has my father slipped away to me in the evening, to sit quietly and weep over his trouble! How often has he related to me how they give him—the lazy one, as they call him—the worst pieces on the table, and how they have denied him even a drop of wine; and yet all this he would gladly bear, if they would only leave him in peace, and not disturb him with their foolish questions, and their ridicule, and their stolen visits to his room, where they delight in destroying what he has just begun to prepare.'

'Have you any idea what the extraordinary old gentleman is making?'

'No, your worship; I am only an ignorant woman. My father talks in a sort of mysterious way about what he is engaged in, but still he continually prophesies great good-luck for us all if his work succeeds. I do not know whether he is animated by a just confidence in success, or whether he is led away by some lamentable error; but I would gladly thrust my hand into the fire to free him from the persecution he undergoes at present.'

'Would you take your father home to live with you, if it were so decided?'

'I should then be obliged to do so, but it is my duty to do so without any obligation.'

'Suppose I were to make your father over to you for a few weeks, till it could be found out, by kindly and carefully observing him, what is really the state of his mind?'

'He would be heartily welcome to share the little we have, for we are but poor people, and in our little quiet house he would have leisure to compose himself. I will pray God most earnestly on my knees to preserve the dear man from melancholy and insanity.'

'Would your husband be satisfied with such an arrangement?' asked the mayor smiling. The tailor's wife smiled also, in the proud consciousness of having the upper-hand at home, and answered: 'When I promise anything, your worship, it is the same as if my husband had taken his oath of it; but I am afraid my father himself will not agree to it. He will not be willing to leave his home.'

The mayor remarked to the young woman, that without doubt her father would much rather remove to her house than into a prison, and ordered this mysterious being to be brought before him again. But Peter Hele was already in the anteroom, with a little bag in his hand, and said, on entering the mayor's presence: 'See, your worship, what your exhortation has been the cause of. They have turned me out of my house—out of my own house. They have told me I may go to the workhouse or to prison; and they say that I am both foolish and wicked for having blackened their characters to the mayor, and told him that they behave to me in an unchristianlike manner. So I have brought with me what they have left me of my working-tools and materials, and gladly give myself into your honour's custody. But what are you doing here, my daughter?'

'She will take you to live with her till I have accommodated things for you,' said the mayor.

'You?' said the father. 'You take me into your poor little home? Do you recollect that your husband must set ten thousand stitches the more every week, in order to support such a guest as I?'

'That is nothing to you, father; you will be with your own affectionate children!' cried the old man's

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daughter with energy, and taking him by the arm. 'Come, come,' she said, 'you shall not be disturbed, nor left to starve, that I promise his honour and you.'

'But how can you,' said the mayor to Peter Hele—'how can you thus give the control of your affairs without consideration into the hands of others, and take with you instead only this rubbish?' As he said this, he pointed to the bag. The old man's tears stopped suddenly, and he answered with a half-angry look:

'Rubbish! Ah! honoured sir, this rubbish would produce a golden crop, if I could but use the present time as I wish. Time is the treasure with which I work. The hour draws near at which my time will be run out. Very well, then, my daughter, the certainty that I shall make our fortunes, makes me consent to become your guest. I shall be able to repay you for all—to make all good to you; and the certainty of this golden future is the cause of my leaving my own house with joy, and giving everything up to my covetous sons.'

As the old man now left the court, holding his daughter by the arm, and full of animated gestures and boasting promises, the mayor shook his head, and said to himself: 'How am I to find out the truth of this business? In my turn, I also begin to doubt the old man's sanity.'

A fortnight after this had scarcely expired when the head-constable appeared before the mayor, bringing Peter Hele:

'This man,' said he, 'has unmercifully beaten his son-in-law's apprentice, quite unjustly, and without any cause whatever. He seems to have done it out of pure malice, and I hope you will send him to prison for a few days to cool his temper.' There stood Master Peter again, with his little bag in his hand, and to the strict inquiry into his conduct made by the mayor, he answered with a melancholy smile:

'See, your honour, what your accommodating of matters has done! There is not a better-hearted man than my son-in-law; but it is well known that no man is more inquisitive than a tailor. He has watched me, and listened at my door; and he stole in at my window like a cat to examine my things, in order to become possessed of my secret, and now he declares that I am a sorcerer. My daughter always took part against him, and did not wish me to leave the house; but her husband's curiosity and suspicions, and his continual ill-humour because he could not get me out of the house, were very disagreeable to me. I beat the boy, who is his master's favourite, without any provocation, but in order to put an end to the strife between the married people, and to gain peace for myself. I am sorry I was obliged to beat him; but I could think of no other means of obtaining for a short time a quiet lodging without cost. The boy is young, too, and will have got over his blows by to-morrow.' The mayor shook his head again.

'Why, really, Peter,' said he, 'you must be out of your wits. This time you will have to enjoy the prison you have longed for so much, if you are not able to pay a fine for your offence.'

'I am a "poor fellow,"' said Peter good-humouredly, 'and beg only to be shut up by myself in some light little room, with leave to tinker and rattle as much as I please with these playthings of mine.' He pointed to the bag with his apparatus.

'It is granted you,' said the mayor. 'You will remain there for a month quite solitary. I promise you, you will be troubled by visits from nobody but the jailer.'

Master Peter went with the highest satisfaction where others generally go with great discontent. The mayor ordered that nobody should be allowed to go near him, but that everything should be got for him he wanted for his mysterious work. The lightest

rooms were allotted to him, and forbidden to every other prisoner. In the meantime, the mayor so ordered it, that the day on which the case of the wife and sons was to be finally heard should be postponed until the end of Peter's imprisonment.

When the members of the municipal council assembled to hear the complaint of Peter's family, the wife repeated her first statement word for word, and the eldest son held a long and violent discourse, which ended with the prayer that, as his father had neglected all his duties, he might be deprived of his rights in the household. 'Really,' cried the blustering young man, 'if his silly way of going on, his senseless mysteries, and his neglect of all the commands of God as the father of a family, are not enough, pray remember that he has also striven to get himself into prison, which can only be the act of a madman, and so we need say nothing further.'

Most of the councilmen nodded their heads at each other, and thought the affair was at an end, and that the crazy brasier was only fit for the madhouse, for the Christmas-holidays were near at hand, and the respectable gentlemen wished to be rid of business. The affair was just about to be put to the vote, therefore, when the mayor turned to Mrs Willibald, and asked her if she concurred in the wish of her brother. The good daughter opposed it most warmly.

'God guard your honours' consciences,' she cried, 'from such a decision. I am afraid you have the intention of making one of your best citizens dead to all temporal interests. I deny my father's insanity as fearlessly as if my salvation depended upon it. If my husband were not a timid, superstitious man, and if he were not irritated by his brothers-in-law—who, alas! are my own brothers—the mischief would not have gone so far, and my father would not be in prison; but he would, on the contrary, be here present, supported by us, for the purpose of silencing his accusers, and making them repent of the gross ingratitude and inhumanity with which they drove him out of doors to starve.'

'You lie, you faithless sister!' burst forth the young men.

'You give false witness!' screamed the mother. 'Is it our fault that he ran away from the house, because he was frightened at our mild charge against him, although he had so shamefully calumniated us, and basely forsook us to go and settle himself by the side of the ill-advised one who had helped to set him against his and her own blood?'

'Our sister thought to get all my father has, and all his pretended future riches for herself; but she is mistaken, for now let us hear what her husband has to say,' cried the elder brother.

The person called, a meagre little man with a trembling voice, tried to support his brothers-in-law by telling of the foolish things done by the old man, and of his unbearable conduct, and concluded by protesting, crossing himself the while, that once when he went into his room he had there heard the devil, though he certainly had not seen him.

'Satan himself, the real Satan?' cried the councilmen, and the uproar became great.

The tailor's wife darted at him a look which frightened him; but nevertheless he went on in a trembling voice to say: 'Yes, wife, look at me—look at me as you will, it must come out, although you have forbidden me to say it. But certain and true it is, that on the old man's table, amongst a lot of rubbish, of brass pegs and pins, and little wheels and catgut strings, there lay a wooden ball, or something of the kind, within which there was a clicking and clapping going on, as if there were an animal at work there. I shuddered as I listened to it; then suddenly it came into my head that the devil assumes all sorts of shapes, and springing away, I dashed the ball against the wall.

Whether it broke or not, I don't know, for I did not look round. Once afterwards, however, when my wife had given me a good scolding for my folly, I took fresh heart, and went again into the room, but no traces of the ball were to be seen.

The sons thought to strengthen their own statement by the nonsense the tailor had just been uttering, and a great number of the council were inclined to give credit to it; but Peter Hele's daughter, crying with vexation and distress, turned angrily to her husband:

'O you dishonourable, wicked man,' said she, 'do you want to bring the best father in the world to the rack, or to be burnt? Sad is it for me and all kind-hearted people to see so much suffering heaped upon the poor man's head, without being able to say a word to help or justify him.'

'Who tells you that, young woman?' said the mayor, pulling the bell as he spoke. 'The gentlemen of this council are all too just to condemn a townsman unheard.'

Perhaps this decided speech made the councilmen feel ashamed of appearing to wish to decide upon the case in haste, a thing which is never becoming in judges and gray heads. In the meantime, a side-door opened, and Peter Hele came forward, a wasted, exhausted figure, with an innocent, cheerful, but submissive expression of face. Still there was to be seen round his finely-cut mouth an expression of deep pain. The daughter gave a cry of joy, but the mother, the sons, and the son-in-law looked frightened, and cast their eyes on the ground.

'Have you heard what your relations have alleged against you as matter of complaint?' asked the mayor.

'I wish I had not been obliged to hear it,' answered the good man, coughing in order to hide his tears; 'but I know they will be sorry for what they have said, and so I shall gladly forget everything. Unmerited calumny is more easily forgiven than that which is merited; and if there still should remain in the heart of a father and a citizen, like myself, some remembrance of the pain I have felt, it will be caused only by the regret that a fifty years' life of simplicity, honesty in my calling, piety towards God, and love for my wife and children, have not been sufficient surety for my honest intentions and my sane state of mind. But now, gentlemen, as the time has arrived, I will tell you honestly what I had in my head, and what gave rise to so much misunderstanding. It is not unknown to you, gentlemen, that from my youth forward I have ever industriously pursued the wonderful and beautiful science of mechanics. When on my travels for the purpose of improvement, I made acquaintance, in Florence, with the clever silversmith, Jessada, and learned many secrets from him which were of great advantage to me in my handiwork; and I have always been friendly with him to this day. When, some years after this, I had settled myself down, and taken a wife, and had become the father of a family, and in the struggles of everyday life had forgotten all about Italy, the said Jessada appeared suddenly in this town, and came to my house, and told me that he came to make a proposal to me. He related to me that, in his native town, there was a certain very wise and clever man, to whom it had occurred to invent a kind of machine which should shew the time, like a clock, only of so small a size that any person could carry it in his pocket, and always have it with him, without any inconvenience whatever. The man, he said, had made some of these chronometers, and had then died; but very few of them had been distributed, because the price was so enormous. Jessada, being in possession of this work of art, determined to bring the invention into Germany; thinking Nuremberg the most likely place, and I the most likely handicraftsman to carry out his design. Being desirous of leaving to

these children, two of whom have represented me as insane'—(here the poor man's voice was lost in distress and tears)—'being desirous of leaving them a respectable fortune, and of rendering a service to mankind, I hastily accepted the proposal of the Florentine; and after having examined the little portable clock as much as was possible without injuring it, I offered, with good courage, and a lively faith in God's help, to imitate the invention, and to improve it where it might be necessary. We then came to the following agreement: I was to set to work, and Jessada was, in the meantime, to travel through Germany, Holland, France, and England, with his little clock, and seek for customers, and then he was to return in a year for the clocks I should have made, and supply his customers with them. It was a thoughtless agreement on my part! The time flew away faster than I expected, and my doubts as to whether I should be able to keep my promise increased from day to day, and with my doubts my anxiety increased tenfold. The stated time drew nearer and nearer to a close, and nothing was yet done. My secret trouble of mind might reasonably make me seem disagreeable, and to all appearance half-crazy; and the tormenting spirit, the artifice and the reproaches of my family, nearly drove me mad in reality.'

The poor old man here stopped to breathe more freely and relieve the oppression at his heart. His daughter threw her arms affectionately and comfortingly round him, in recognition of which he stroked her forehead and cheeks with his hand, while the wife hid her face in her handkerchief and sobbed, and the sons knew not which way to look for shame.

'Give this good man a chair that he may rest himself,' said the mayor. The councilmen murmured among each other, some expressing pity, some wonder.

After a short interruption, quiet was restored; Peter Hele again rose, and with a cheerful and composed, but thoughtful countenance, proceeded as follows:

'It may perhaps be asked, why I opened my heart to nobody during so long a time, not even to my own family. To this I must answer—and to the praise of our native town be it said—that there are thousands and thousands of cleverer men than I in Nuremberg, and that one single word to one of these would have been sufficient to discover my secret, and, as the saying goes, to drive the goats into another pen. I was therefore obliged to be silent amongst my neighbours and friends, and it was not the less necessary to be silent with my wife, for women's ears are ever open, and their tongues never still. I was equally obliged to keep everything from my sons, for neither of them has a shadow of taste or talent for mechanics or mathematics, and they would never have been able to understand what I was about. When I had completed my undertaking, therefore, it would be time to make them useful assistants in my work; and the fame was sure to remain to them an almost certain inheritance, for posterity readily gives up those who are gone for those who are present. You see, gentlemen, how necessary it was for me to keep my secret; so do not seek an evidence of madness in my obstinate mysteriousness, or in the act of my leaving my daughter's house and getting into prison. The inquisitive tailor destroyed the little clock I had just put together. I found the work of many toilsome days and nights in atoms. What was there any longer to hope in a house like this? Like the first recluses in the desert, I put myself into a little cell. There—God's name be praised!—an invisible angel assisted me with its power, and not only enabled me to renew what the tailor had destroyed, but to make further improvements in my work. In short, gentlemen, my confident hope has not been disappointed, and God has permitted me to complete my design, and Jessada may come as soon as he pleases. The time-keeper is ready; and whilst

that invented by the Florentine goes only twelve hours, and is then down, mine continues to go and to strike forty hours without any trouble.'

Hele put his hand into his breast, and pulled out the little so-called 'Nuremberg Egg,' the first of the name. All eyes were fixed in astonishment on the little master-piece of science, which at that moment, in clear and delicate strokes, struck the hour of noon, and, like the wood-worm, constantly ticking, accompanied the time as it flew. The councilmen sprang from their seats; the inventor of the wonderful piece of art was admitted upon the bench; and there, in the midst of the circle formed around him by the mayor and the rest of the council, he proceeded to point out and explain the different minute parts of his work.

'Do not lavish your praises, gentlemen,' cried the old man, animated with enthusiasm and delight, 'on what I have imperfectly performed, but rather let me thank Heaven, that by a devout contemplation of the works of the great Creator I have been enabled to perform it at all. As I was making this living egg, I considered in my own mind that origin of all being—that invisible thing without which we could not exist; namely, Time. The wise Florentine, and I, in imitation of him, have taken the hours prisoner. In a little while, every man will be lord and master of time, and will be able to calculate when the sun and moon change places, when the planets rise and set, and how the mysterious zodiac rules the course of our globe. The clock will be to every man as a conscience which points out to him the lost, the gained, or the well-employed hours. It will be the comfort of every one, for it will enable us to count the fleeting moments of happiness, and with fortitude to reckon the heavy-winged hours of misfortune, which, though they appear to us to be stationary, pass on, through God's mercy, like the rest. Upon this time-keeper, the sufferer can calculate the period of his recovery, the prisoner the hour of his release, and the dying the hour of his admission into Paradise. The priest will not forget the hour of prayer, nor the judge the hour which calls him to his duty; and the many cruel moments of suspense experienced by one accused, when awaiting the judgment'—Here the unanimous voices of the council interrupted Peter Hele.

'Go forth, noble old man,' cried they, 'an ornament as you are to our excellent town! Go to your own home attended by the praises and blessings of your townsmen, and long may you live to the profit and honour of the place which gave you birth. Were you not so kind a father, we would open the doors of your prison to receive those who would have sent you to a madhouse; but for your sake they shall be forgiven, and left to their own shame for punishment.'

The ingenious and talented artificer was accompanied to his own home like a victor. Like the Sophocles of old, he had been obliged to exhibit his own work in order to save the honour of his genius; but whilst the Grecian poet may have awakened the spirit of the Furies in the breasts of his ungrateful children during the reading of his tragedy, the sons of Peter Hele felt only the paltry regret of the vanquished, and simply reproached themselves for having considerably postponed, through their own fault, the profits of a lucrative speculation. The father forgave them from his heart, but the sons loved him no better than before, although they inherited, as he had said, the fame of his invention. Posterity has always regarded the younger Peter Hele as the inventor of the watch.

The municipal council retained the little machine of Peter Hele in their own hands until the expiration of the forty hours. Young and old thronged to behold the little wonder, but it was with this as with everything else in the world: some whispered something about enchantment, and others of direct agency by the

good angels of the inventor. Consequential people turned up their noses, and said they had already seen such quackery in Venice and Bologna; and pretended connoisseurs criticised and found fault, and declared they could themselves have made something better. Business-people, who are so careful of their hours, praised the new invention from their hearts; but the ladies, who are no observers of time, railed loudly against its faithful guardian. The majority united at length in the opinion, that it was a pity that watches had not been sooner invented. The invention could, said they, be but the work of a day—it was mere child's play—nothing could be more natural or more simple. The Nuremberg 'living egg' shared exactly the fate of the egg of Columbus.

The reader may not perhaps know that the first watches are supposed to have been made in the form of an egg.

## G A R I B A L D I.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

A PARAGRAPH has lately gone the round of the Italian newspapers, stating that General Garibaldi, relinquishing his sea-faring life, has determined to settle in the island of Sardinia, and there devote himself to agriculture.

So simple an announcement has in it apparently nothing to awaken the suspicions, and disturb the repose of monarchs and statesmen; yet such influence is there still in the name of the guerilla chieftain of Monte-Video, that much uneasiness has been excited in the States of the Church and the kingdom of Naples by this intelligence. The farm in Sardinia is looked upon as a rallying-point for conspirators, the hotbed of revolt. 'Garibaldi is plotting,' has already found utterance in many a mouth.

In the opinion, however, of those who know him best, Garibaldi is no plotter. More fitted to be the instrument than the originator of any political enterprise, he is probably only watching the ominous clouds fast gathering over Italy's horizon, ready once more to throw himself into the struggle which the utmost efforts of diplomacy may prostrate, but will be powerless to avert.

That he bore a conspicuous part in the ill-fated war of Italian independence, in 1848-9, none of those who followed the course of events in the peninsula can have forgotten; unless, indeed, the obscurity into which he voluntarily retired immediately after that stormy period, has caused the name of Garibaldi to be lost amidst a crowd of more prominent, or rather less modest contemporaries. Unsolicitous of public notice, indifferent to the applause of meetings or the addresses of corporations, Garibaldi certainly did not seek the usual methods of becoming a world-wide celebrity: he asked no sympathy in his downfall, no admiration of his heroism; but proud of his honest poverty, betook himself to his old trade of a merchant-captain, until the time should come when his sword could be again unsheathed in Italy's behalf.

By many, it is maintained that time is at hand. 'From Etna to the Ticino the populations are in a ferment,' is just now the outcry of the Piedmontese liberal journals. With due allowance for the hyperbolic language of the press, the most impartial observer cannot gainsay this assertion, but is compelled to admit, that from the remotest parts of Sicily to the boundary-river on the north-eastern frontier of Piedmont, tokens of an approaching crisis are discernible.

In the kingdom of Sardinia, where indignation and pity are not denied a voice, the increasing wrongs of Central and Southern Italy have stirred up a fierce antagonism to the despotic policy which sways the councils, garrisons the citadels, and directs the



confessionals of every other state in the peninsula. Each day the newspapers teem with fresh accounts of the grievances accumulating under Austrian influence: they tell of the midnight arrests, by scores and by fifties, at Parma, where the prayers of the duchess-regent herself, to the Austrian commandant, for a mitigation of severity, are said to be unheeded; of the stripes indiscriminately inflicted on the noble captives of Ischia; of the religious persecutions in Tuscany, where the possession of a Protestant Bible may doom a subject to the felon's chain; of the puerile bigotry of the Roman government, that has recently visited the infraction of a fast with imprisonment and fine; and each day a bitterness is added to the rankling hostility which perpetually threatens an untimely outbreak.

If such are the sentiments which a recital of the sufferings of their countrymen engenders in the Piedmontese, who shall attempt to calculate the amount of hatred, and desire for revenge, smouldering in the hearts of the oppressed; or marvel if these passions kindle into anarchy and excess, as soon as it is deemed the day of retribution has arrived? The hastening of that day is deprecated by the wiser statesmen of Sardinia, who fear that any premature movement might be followed by the same disastrous result which eight years ago riveted the chains of Italy; but Austrian policy is quite on the other side, and it is believed that disguised agents of that country are now everywhere at work, endeavouring to fan the popular excitement into a blaze, which the dominant power is prepared to extinguish in blood.

In this posture of affairs, as if by common consent, attention is directed towards Garibaldi; and it is to enable the English reader to judge with what reason, and to enable him to enter with interest into the future career of this remarkable man, that the following biographical sketch, drawn from authentic sources, and carefully collated with the most trustworthy histories of the period, is now offered to his perusal.

Born at Nice, of respectable parents in the middle class, Giuseppe Garibaldi was early destined for the mercantile marine. To a general aptness for study, and a proficiency in geometry and algebra that might be termed remarkable in a character of so much activity and impulse, the boy united a passionate admiration for the sea, wandering for hours along the beach, and delighted when he could witness the distant gathering and final outbreak of a storm. On one of these occasions, when only thirteen, he gave the relief of his intrepidity by swimming to the relief of some of his companions, who, sailing in a pleasure-boat between Nice and Villafranca, were overtaken by a squall, and in danger of being upset.

The next few years were passed in trading-voyages either to the Levant and Black Sea, or to the various Italian seaports. Once, while his ship was loading at Civita Vecchia, the young sailor obtained leave to visit Rome. The sight of the Eternal City, her monuments of past glory, and evidences of present abasement, left an indelible impression upon his heart, and, joined to his frequent intercourse with Greece—then in all the fervour of her dear-bought freedom—decided the bent of his principles. His letters and rude sketches of verse, written about this period, shew the kindling of a passion for national liberty, to which, whatever may be or may have been the exaggeration of his views, not even Garibaldi's worst detractors can deny him the praise of having unselfishly and consistently adhered.

Until he attained the age of twenty-six, however, his political sentiments exercised no influence over his fortunes. Quietly following his profession with a good reputation for seamanship and commercial knowledge—both requisites in Italian masters of trading-vessels—we find up to that period but one other characteristic incident to record. Falling dangerously ill at Constantinople, he was kindly received and carefully

nursed in the family of an Italian exile. On his recovery, unwilling to encroach on his friend's scanty resources, he gave lessons in writing, French, and Italian, and thus earned sufficient to support himself, and defray the expenses of his long illness, until able to resume his original employment.

But with the dawn of the year 1834 came a great change for Garibaldi. Implicated in one of the Young Italy conspiracies against the then existing form of government in Sardinia—as oppressive and intolerant, be it remembered, as the constitution of '48 is equitable and enlightened—he was forced to seek safety in flight. Disguised as a peasant, and taking the most circuitous mountain-paths, he succeeded in reaching the French territory, and, hastening to Marseille, soon found occupation on board a French merchantman. Here, under circumstances of great daring, he saved the life of a drowning youth, rejecting every proffer of reward and service made by the family, who were one of the first in the place.

In 1836, reluctantly yielding to the conviction that for the moment all hope of a change in the affairs of Italy was groundless, he went for the first time to South America. At Rio Janeiro he found many of his countrymen, exiles like himself, and was enabled, with their assistance, to purchase a small vessel, in which for nine months he carried on a coasting-trade between that port and Cabo Erio. He is said to have conducted this humble traffic with his usual intelligence and activity, notwithstanding the disappointment and regrets, of which some notion may be gathered from the following paragraph, occurring in one of his letters to an intimate friend:—"Of myself, I can only say that as yet fortune does not smile upon my endeavours. What principally afflicts me, however, is the consciousness that I am doing nothing towards furthering our cause. I am weary, by Heaven! of dragging on an existence so useless to our country, while compelled to devote my energies to this paltry trade. . . . Be assured, we are destined for better things—we are out of our element here!"

Soon after this, in the harbour of Rio, at considerable personal risk, he saved the life of a negro who had fallen overboard. The wind was high, and drove the ships against each other, rendering any attempt at rescue dangerous; but Garibaldi was no sooner apprised of the accident, than he plunged into the raging waves, and brought the poor black off in safety. Early in the year following his arrival in South America, the persuasions of some Italians, brought prisoners to the Brazilian capital, as leaders of a republican movement in the province of Rio Grande, induced their countryman to volunteer to join the insurgents with his ship and crew.

Garibaldi's first passage of arms was the capture of a Brazilian bark of superior size; his second adventure had nearly terminated his mortal career. Believing Monte-Video favourable to the new republic, he cast anchor before its walls. A heavily armed gun-boat, sent to dislodge him from his position, rudely dispelled this illusion; while a musket-ball, traversing his neck, and lodging beneath his ear, laid him senseless upon the deck. His terrified followers, profiting by a favourable wind, crowded all sail, and sought refuge in the harbour of Gulegagay. There, also, the flag of Rio Grande was not amicably recognised. The new-comers, and their apparently dying leader, were all thrown into prison. Tended, however, with skill and humanity, Garibaldi gradually recovered; and on giving his parole not to escape, was permitted to reside in a Spanish family, where he was treated with brotherly affection.

The repose of his easy captivity was rudely broken by the warning conveyed to him, late one night, that the authorities, in defiance of their promise that he should not be removed from Gulegagay, were going to transfer him, early in the morning, to a stricter



imprisonment at Bajada, the chief town of the province. Upon discovering this violation of the terms to which he had pledged himself, Garibaldi considered he was released from further obligation. Accordingly, that same night he attempted to escape, but, unacquainted with the country, lost himself in its boundless plains; and after wandering for two days without food or shelter, was tracked, and brought back to Gualagay. As a punishment for his evasion, before being sent to Bajada, he was suspended by the hands for the space of two hours; while, still further to humiliate the sensitive Italian, this torture was inflicted in sight of a crowd assembled in front of the open prison-doors. For a long time afterwards, one arm was almost disabled, and even to the present day retains traces of this inhuman treatment.

Some months longer, passed in confinement, wore wearily away; at the end of which, without any trial, without any judicial confutation of his indignant protest against the legality of his detention, he was told he might depart.

At Rio Grande, for whose cause he had already suffered so much, Garibaldi found himself warmly received, and was speedily invested with the command of the scanty naval force—if such a term can at all be applied to two or three miserable coasting-craft, mounted with a few small guns—which constituted the marine resources of the infant republic.

Many incidents are related of the constant skirmishes, by sea and land, in which he now found himself engaged against the Brazilians, that have already furnished materials for the pen of the romancist. To do more, however, than glance at a few of the most singular, would lead us far beyond our prescribed limits.

Chased one day by the Brazilian cruisers into a lagoon, whither he had not calculated upon their venturing to follow him, Garibaldi, as a last expedient, ran his vessel aground; then, transporting two swivels to an overhanging eminence, he kept up so galling a fire, that the enemy, apparently unwilling to risk their boats' crews by coming to closer quarters, retired to a safe distance for the night; convinced that, however his resistance might be prolonged, he could not ultimately escape them. But when morning dawned, Garibaldi and the stranded ship had both disappeared. By indefatigable activity, he had got her off the sand, and, gliding past the unsuspecting Brazilians, anchored at the mouth of the lagoon, had made good his retreat; while, to mask his design, had they been more watchful of his movements, he had collected a quantity of brushwood and loose timber, which, set on fire, might induce them to believe he had destroyed his ship, and sought safety in flight by land.

On a subsequent occasion, he was not so fortunate. The Brazilians forced the entrance of the Lagao dos Patos, where the lilliputian fleet of Rio Grande was stationed; and, confident in their vastly superior numbers and weight of metal, anticipated an easy capture. But Garibaldi had no notion of surrender: for a while he replied with spirit to their heavy cannonade—his newly married wife, a native of that country, standing unmoved by his side. Then, convinced that further resistance would have been madness, ordered his crews to land, blew up the powder-magazines, and swam to shore.

We next find him at the head of his sailors, whom he had organised as a land-force, laying the foundation of his future fame in the *guerilla* system of warfare. In the dangerous expeditions, the toilsome marches, the unceasing alarms, the frequent hand-to-hand encounters which are its inseparable accompaniments, his wife was never absent from him. It is related of her, that once, during the confusion of an unexpected engagement, she was taken prisoner by the Brazilians.

Worked to frenzy by a rumour that her husband was slain, she contrived during the night to elude the vigilance of her captors, and hurrying to the field of battle, sought amongst the dead and dying for his remains. Satisfied at length that her fears were groundless, she pursued her flight, and after two days had the happiness of being reunited to the object of an affection whose constancy and devotedness have invested the name of Anna Garibaldi and her mournful fate with an interest denied to many a loftier heroine. Even the claims of maternity had no power to withdraw her from his side; bearing their new-born son in her arms, she continued to face death, exposure, and privation, lighthearted and unflinching, so long as nothing seemed to threaten their separation.

It was not long after the birth of this child that Garibaldi determined to leave Rio Grande. A war of principle had degenerated into a conflict of individual ambition, no longer suited to his ideal of republicanism. Setting sail for Monte-Video in a state of poverty consistent with the disinterestedness of his character, no sooner had he arrived at his destination, than it became necessary to seek some means of earning bread for his family.

For a short time he gave lessons of algebra and geometry in one of the principal schools of the city; but the solicitations of the government, involved in a protracted war with Rosas, the obnoxious dictator of Buenos Ayres, induced him, ere long, to relinquish these peaceful avocations.

His first naval expedition was honourable to his reputation, though disastrous in its results. Invested with the command of a corvette, a brig, and a cutter, he forced the entrance of the Paraná, defended by considerable batteries. Elated with this success, he proceeded up the river; but, unpractised in its navigation, found himself entangled in sand-banks, and at the same time confronted by the Buenos Ayrean fleet of ten sail. It does not say much for the prowess of the assailants that for three days Garibaldi was enabled to keep them at bay. His ammunition failing at last, he cut up the chain-cables, and every iron implement he could lay hands on, till seeing even these resources were exhausted, he ordered his ships' companies to take to the boats, and remaining himself to the last, followed his usual system of explosion. As on the Lagao dos Patos, he reached the shore in safety; hastily formed his men; and, fighting his way through a body of troops sent to oppose his progress, succeeded in effecting a retreat.

Returning to Monte-Video by a circuitous land-route, Garibaldi found himself, notwithstanding the ill success of his expedition, anxiously expected, and warmly greeted. The city was menaced by a siege from the redoubted Oribe, and the general consternation was excessive. By the government he was charged to fit out some ships to replace their recent losses; and by the Italian residents, who were very numerous at Monte-Video, was appointed to the command of a body of 800 volunteers, raised amongst themselves, to assist in the defence.

His subsequent naval operations, owing to his crippled resources, were limited to watching the movements of the blockading squadron, facilitating the entrance of ships carrying supplies to the beleaguered city, and the occasional capture of some laden with stores for the army of Oribe. So great, however, was his eagerness to strike some decisive blow, that he once deliberately advanced to the mouth of the harbour with his insignificant flotilla, only numbering eight guns, and offered battle to the ships of Rosas, which carried forty-four. The roofs and balconies of Monte-Video were crowded with spectators; the masts and rigging of the neutral vessels in the port swarmed with French, English, and American sailors, all breathlessly awaiting the issue of this daring challenge. But the

Buenos Ayreans, probably apprised that he founded his hopes of success on speedily grappling with and boarding them, did not judge it expedient to accept the combat.

Of the exploits of the Italian Legion, speedily organised under his active superintendence, Italians are justifiably proud, although a detail of the sorties, desperate charges, and desultory skirmishing in which it was constantly engaged, would prove wearying to the English reader. One brilliant feat of arms nevertheless, selected amongst several other incidents, almost equally striking, we cannot permit ourselves to pass over.

Despatched on a distant expedition to dislodge the enemy from a province on the confines of Brazil, a service he performed with eventual success—with 184 Italian legionaries and a handful of cavalry, for eight hours Garibaldi once kept his ground against 1500 men. Night closing in found the little band reduced to nearly half its original number: thirty-five were killed, fifty seriously wounded. The survivors, exhausted with fatigue and want of food, seemed hardly capable of dragging themselves to Salto, a fortified town, where Garibaldi had fixed his head-quarters, about a league distant. But to leave his wounded to the mercy of the Buenos Ayreans, irritated by the check they had sustained, was repugnant to the feelings of their commander. Placing them by twos and threes upon such horses as he could collect, supported on each side by their weary comrades, alternately sympathising, applauding, reproving, he was able, after a tedious retreat of three hours' duration, to muster his followers within the welcome shelter of the walls of Salto.

The news of this action, where the enemy was said to have lost 500 between killed and wounded, produced great enthusiasm at Monte-Video. The government ordered that the date of the battle—the 8th of February 1846—should be inscribed in letters of gold on the banner of the legion; and the French admiral commanding the station of Rio de la Plata, addressed a complimentary letter to Garibaldi, declaring that such achievements would even have conferred additional lustre on the soldiers of the Grand Army of Napoleon.

On his return to the capital in the autumn of that same year, having satisfactorily fulfilled the duty with which he had been intrusted, the title of general was conferred upon him—a distinction he at first declined, but was at length induced by general entreaty to accept. His refusal, however, for himself and his legionaries of a grant of lands and cattle, was not to be shaken; protesting 'that in obedience to the call of liberty alone, had the Italians of Monte-Video taken up arms, and not with any views of gain or advancement'—a declaration which may claim the rare distinction of sincerity, since it is positively known that at this period so frugal was the expenditure, and so limited the resources of his household, no lights were ever burned at night under his roof, candles not being included in the rations, which, with his scanty pay, furnished his only means of subsistence. When this fact became known to General Pacheco y Obes, then minister of war, he himself relates that he sent his aid-de-camp with a sum equal to L.20 to Garibaldi. Accepting half of this for the most pressing necessities of his fast increasing family, he begged that the remainder might be given to a widow whom he designated as being more in want than himself.

The good-will he enjoyed from all classes of the inhabitants, the confidence reposed in him by the authorities, the claims he might justly have urged from his unceasing exertions during the war, were never looked upon by Garibaldi as constituting any title to reward. 'The only favour he was ever known to solicit,' says the above-quoted writer, 'was the

pardon of some conspirator or the liberty of some captive.'

Meantime, events were fast succeeding each other in his native country, which were soon to lead the way to a more important field of action, and call him to the fulfilment of his ardent aspirations.

The opening of the reign of Pope Pius IX.; his political amnesty, bringing joy to countless homes; his graceful concessions to public opinion; his promised reforms—everything awoke in his subjects a transport of jubilee and gratitude, which, spreading throughout the whole peninsula, and stimulating its other princes to follow in his wake, caused him to be universally hailed as the regenerator of Italy. The effect of the intelligence brought by every succeeding mail from Europe—each report more wondrous, more stirring than its predecessor—may easily be imagined upon Garibaldi. Sharing in the general delusion respecting the ulterior designs and capabilities of the pontiff, he and Anzani, one of his most intimate friends, jointly addressed the apostolic nuncio at Rio Janeiro: 'If our arms, not unused to warfare, will be welcome to his holiness, we willingly offer them to him who so well knows how to serve alike the church and our fatherland. Provided it be in furtherance of the work of redemption commenced by Pius IX., we shall consider ourselves privileged in sealing our devotedness with our blood.' To this the nuncio, Monsignor Bedini, returned a flattering but evasive reply, stating that he had transmitted their letter to Rome.

But it was not in the nature of Garibaldi to remain inactive. Long before any reply could have been received from Rome, he had quitted South America.

The warlike tone of the Italian journals, confirmed by private letters, intimating that the country was on the eve of a great national rising, preached by priests and friars as a new crusade, and supposed to be favoured by the pope himself, had aroused the emulation of their countrymen at Monte-Video. A subscription was speedily raised for the equipment of a vessel, called the *Esperanza*, to bear a body of volunteers under the command of Garibaldi, to take part in the approaching war of independence.

After many delays, caused by the unwillingness of the Monte-Videoan government to lose his services, and the foreign merchants his protection—during which, chafing at the loss of time, he used passionately to exclaim: 'We shall arrive the last, when nothing will be left for us to do!'—the expedition, comprising about one hundred men, at length set sail in April 1848.

Upon landing at Nice, in the month of June, after an absence of fourteen years, the returning exile must have been well-nigh bewildered by the recital of all the three past months comprised. In the concluding days of March and commencement of April, were crowded events on which hung the destinies of Europe: the establishment of the French republic; insurrectionary movements at Berlin; Vienna in revolt, and almost simultaneously the Austrians driven from Milan; Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, answering to the call of Lombardy, and believing the long cherished aspirations of his house about to be fulfilled, crossing the Ticino with his troops; Tuscany and Rome sending forth thousands of volunteers; and even Ferdinand of Naples, yielding to the pressure of popular feeling, despatching a contingent to co-operate in the national war.

The wild rejoicing, the frenzied excitement, the delusive hopes of those few weeks, no language can portray. We lay down our pen, in mingled wonder and sadness, as remembrances of the scenes we then witnessed, and the anticipations in which we shared, rise up before us. What gorgeous visions!—what a dark awakening! And yet, in spite of the bitter lessons of that period, we find ourselves involuntarily

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inquiring, whether they have borne fruit?—whether the Italy of '56 would prove wiser, more sober, more trustful, more true to herself than the Italy of '48? Alas! that we should hesitate in our reply, while we turn to our melancholy retrospect.

With the dawn of May the brilliant picture was already blotted out.

Pius IX.—after having blessed the departure of the exulting multitudes, who with tricolored crosses on their breasts, and cries of 'Liberty to Italy!' 'Away with the Barbarians!' defiled before him at the Quirinal—in his famous encyclical letter of the 29th of April, spread astonishment and consternation throughout the land.

Urged by his ministers to give his public adhesion to the war, the pope answered their entreaties by the publication of this document, in which he set forth, 'that he had for some time observed his name used as a pretext for an enterprise he never contemplated, having had no design beyond that of securing by degrees to the state a better internal administration. With the hope, however, of obviating disturbance or bloodshed, he had hitherto abstained from interference; but now that it was sought to thrust him into an unjust and hurtful war, contrary to his position as chief of a religion which inculcates universal peace, and obliged him to recognise all races as equally his children, his duty and inclination alike forbade him to keep silence.'

This manifesto fell like a thunderbolt upon the Italian liberals, who saw at once revealed the weakness and vacillation of the pontiff whose name had hitherto been their watchword. Their idol was hurled from his pedestal; and in proportion to the exaggerated applause and Utopian expectations of which he had been the object, now became the contempt and animosity with which he was regarded.

The more resolute of the volunteers, goaded to an open violation of his injunctions, under General Durando, determined to prosecute the campaign; but many, still clinging to their old faith in the church, lost heart in an expedition her head no longer sanctioned. Nor were these sentiments confined to the subjects of Rome; but, appealing to their political or religious convictions, extended to the whole of the Italian people; and thus, in this great national struggle, where unity of principle was indispensable to success, the elements of discord, scepticism, or scruples of conscience, were fatally introduced. More surely than if he had recruited their ranks with a hundred thousand men, did Pius IX. promote the Austrian's cause.

Nor was this all. The king of Naples, after having, on various pretences, so delayed the movements of his troops that the middle of May still found them on their march through the pope's dominions, arrested their further course just as they reached the frontier of Lombardy, and summoned them back to his capital. The sudden withdrawal of 20,000 men, well provided with artillery, on whose co-operation he had anxiously counted, was not the only disaster that thwarted Charles Albert's designs. The Tuscan volunteers, mostly youths from the universities of Pisa and Siena, were routed in two successive encounters with the Austrians, and rendered incapable of giving any further assistance in the campaign. While more deplorable than any of the foregoing, internal treachery was already at work, weakening the confidence of the Lombards in the chivalrous prince who had perilled his people and his crown in their behalf.

For a short space, however, the victories of Peschiera and Goito, on the 30th of May, dispelled the gathering clouds. When it was known that in one day the strong fortress of Peschiera had surrendered to the Duke of Genoa, and that 30,000 Austrians under Radetzky had been defeated by Charles Albert at the head of 20,000 Piedmontese, the universal joy and

triumph knew no bounds. The murmurs of disaffection at Milan were stifled, and, as in the first period of his popularity two months before, the name of the king was hailed in her streets and theatres with enthusiastic acclamations.

Had the Piedmontese known how to gather in the harvest of victory, as well as reap its first-fruits, the fortunes of Italy might have been changed. But instead of pursuing the retreating enemy, Charles Albert, with unaccountable supineness, permitted Radetzky to retire leisurely across the Adige; effect a junction with a body of 15,000 men despatched through the Tyrol to his assistance; bombard Vicenza, which, defended by Durando and the Roman volunteers, capitulated on the 8th of June, after a gallant resistance; and, finally, with swiftness retracing his steps, threw himself into Verona, just as the Piedmontese were preparing to assault it.

Foiled in his views on Verona, Charles Albert sat down before Mantua, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; while Radetzky, by the reduction of Vicenza, having the whole country open in his rear, was well satisfied to continue on the defensive until the arrival of further reinforcements.

It was during the fatal inaction of the blockade of Mantua that Garibaldi presented himself at the headquarters of the king.

#### DIAMOND-WASHING IN BRAZIL, AND DIAMOND-CUTTING AT AMSTERDAM.

THE diamond possesses a much higher and more uniform value than any other article of commerce. The supply has never so far exceeded the demand as to make any change in the price of cut stones. In 1843, when the mines at Sincora, in Bahia, were discovered, fears were entertained that a permanent depreciation would take place; but the very high prices which required to be paid for all the necessaries of life, and the unhealthy nature of the climate, speedily reduced the number of diamond-seekers, and the fall was scarcely felt in Europe.

The tract of country in which the Brazilian diamonds are found, extends from the village of Itambe, in Minas-Geraes, to Sincora, on the river Paragussa of Bahia, between 20° 19' and 13° of south latitude. They are chiefly obtained from the numerous streams which form the sources of the rivers Doce, Arassuaky, Jequitinhonha, and San Francisco. It is also highly probable that the auriferous regions of Australia, like those of South America, contain diamonds; two from the river Macquarie having been sent to the exhibition which was lately held at Paris.

Diamonds consist of pure carbon, and are often found in the form of eight or twelve sided crystals, the latter being the less common figure. Of their formation in the great laboratory of nature, nothing is known; but they are supposed to exist originally in the mountains, whence they are carried down into the valleys by the torrents which flow during the rainy seasons. The degradation of the rocks must be accomplished by the powerful agency of the tropic floods; and the precious gems which are thus excavated, must be deposited in the sedimentary débris which forms the beds of the rivers before the search of man becomes successful. The parent stone or matrix is a mica schist, called *Ite Columite*, whose fragments mixed with earth form the *cascaho*, which is dug from the rivers, and in which the diamond-seeker finds his treasure. In South America, the alluvium of the



rivers not only contains diamonds, but gold and platina, though both these metals are generally so finely powdered as almost to defy collection by the ordinary process of washing. The river Jequitinhonha is one of the richest in Brazil, and the works on its banks have been carried on for a long period. When the dry season, which continues from April to the middle of October, has reduced the depth of water, the river is turned aside into a canal previously formed by making an embankment, with bags of sand, over the original channel. The water which remains is then pumped out, the mud dug to a depth varying from six to twenty feet, and removed to the place where the washing is afterwards to be performed. While the dry season continues, the labour of collecting the cascalho is carried on unremittingly, so as to have a sufficient quantity to occupy the negroes during the rainy months. The mud which is raised from some of the rivers contains diamonds so uniformly diffused, that a pretty correct approximation can be made to the number of carats which a given quantity will produce. It sometimes happens, however, that grooves are found containing large quantities of diamonds and gold. When the rainy season puts a stop to the raising of the cascalho, the scene of operations is changed to the washing-shed, near which the result of the dry season's labours has been heaped up. The troughs, called canoes, are arranged side by side, and the overseer occupies an elevated seat in front, so as to observe every movement of the working negroes. Into each of the canoes, a small stream of water is introduced, to carry away the earthy part of the cascalho. Having placed half a hundredweight of the cascalho in the canoe, the negro lets in the stream, and keeps up a constant motion till the mud has been all washed away and the water runs perfectly clear. The gravel is then taken out by the hand, and carefully examined for diamonds. When one is found, the negro stands upright, and claps his hands, as a signal to the overseer, who receives it from the finder, and places it in a bowl with water, which is hung in the midst of the shed. The day's work being finished, all the diamonds which have been found are delivered to the superintendent, who enters their weight in a book. Large diamonds are exceedingly rare. It has been calculated that, on an average, out of 10,000 there are seldom more than one found which weighs twenty carats, while there are perhaps 8000, each of which is less than one. At the works on the river Jequitinhonha, there have rarely been found more than two or three stones weighing from seventeen to twenty carats each in the washings of a year; in the whole diamond-mines of Brazil, not more than one is found, in two years, of thirty carats. In 1851, a stone of 120½ carats was found at the source of the river Patrocínio, in Minas-Geraes; afterwards, one of 107 carats, on the Rio das Velhas; and another of 87½, at Chapada. But the largest which has been obtained of late years is 'The Star of the South,' which, previous to being cut, weighed 254 carats.

Many precautions are used to prevent the negroes from concealing the stones they find; such as frequently causing them to remove, at a given signal, from one trough to another. Encouragements are also offered to induce them to pursue the search with great care. The negro who finds a diamond of 17½ carats is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom, a suit of clothes, and permission to work on his own account. One who was present when a stone of 16½

carats was found at Tejuco, says: 'It was pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the officers that it might entitle the poor negro to his freedom; and when, on being delivered and weighed, it proved only a carat short of the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathise in his disappointment.' A stone of eight or ten carats entitles the finder to two new shirts, a suit of clothes, a hat, and handsome knife. For smaller, but valuable stones, proportionate premiums are given. Brazil sends yearly into the trade about 30,000 carat-weight of uncut diamonds. During the two years after the discovery of the diamond-mine at Sincora, in Bahia, 600,000 carats were sent to Europe; but in 1852 the quantity had fallen to 130,000.

The labour expended in collecting that small bag of dull glassy stones is immense. One can easily lift with the hand the product of a year's digging and washing; yet, to bring them together, much sweat has flowed while the steaming negroes dug the clay under a burning tropic sun. The whip has many a time roused the fagging energies, or sharpened the search among the gravel in the washing-trough. Not a few have perished, and been laid by their companions under the dark green tree, from whose branches hang garlands of lovely orchidee. And to fill up the blanks which have been made in the ranks of the toiling slaves of Brazil, many have been dragged from the coast of Africa, in spite of the efforts of this country to prevent the unholy traffic. The humanity of some, however, and the self-interest of others, have led them to frame rules which mitigate slavery in connection with the diamond-mines of Brazil. The rewards which are offered, not only prove an incentive to careful search, but impart a spirit to the labour which must render it less irksome. But the lash is still in the hand of the overseer, and numbers of the human family are kept down to the level of beasts of burthen.

The process of cutting brings out the inherent beauty of the diamond, and greatly enhances its value. Even after the stone has been cut, if unskillfully done, the sparkling beauty of the gem is wanting. No change of position which the commissioners tried could make the Koh-i-noor appear, at the London Exhibition, much superior to a piece of rock-crystal; but after having been re-cut, it became one of the choicest brilliants. For a long period, the Jews of Amsterdam have almost exclusively monopolised that branch of industry. At a time when they were persecuted in all the other nations of Europe, the liberal laws and flourishing trade of Amsterdam encouraged them to settle there in great numbers; and the diamond-mills were erected under the special protection which the states of Holland afforded to capital and enterprise. It is calculated that not fewer than 10,000 out of the 28,000 Jews who live in Amsterdam depend directly and indirectly on the diamond-trade.

The Diamond-cutters' Company, under the direction of Mr Posno, have three factories, all worked by steam. The united capacity of the engines is ninety-five horse-power, driving 438 mills, and employing 925 workers. There are two other diamond-cutting factories in Amsterdam, the one belonging to the firm of B. L. M. Arons, conducted by Mr Prins, having an engine of six horse-power, driving forty mills, and employing seventy people; the other is the property of Mr Coster, with a steam-power of forty horse, driving seventy-two mills, and giving work to 150 hands. In the factories of the Diamond-cutters' Company, and that of Mr Prins, the mills are let, to those who are not shareholders, at a fixed rate for the hour or day. Mr Coster's mills, on the other hand, are driven on his own account; and to him have been intrusted the two most valuable gems that have been cut in late years, the Koh-i-noor and Star of the South.

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this mill is treated with the greatest attention. He no sooner enters one of the flats, than the heads of a dozen persons are stretched forward, offering their services to explain the various steps in the process. The seats of the workmen are arranged along the side-walls of the building, and before each is a circular metal plate, revolving horizontally with great velocity. A short lever of iron rests with one extremity on the bench, and the other on the revolving plane. The diamond-polisher stops the motion, and, lifting the lever, shews the stranger that the end which rested on the mill has an amalgam placed upon it, in which the stone is fixed, so as to leave only the side exposed which is being ground. Handing the lever to an assistant, it is put into a small furnace, heated, and then returned to the polisher. The amalgam is now soft, and the diamond, having been picked out, is replaced with the part exposed which is next to undergo the action of the mill. A clever workman can keep two, or even three, small diamonds on the *schijf* at once; but the greatest care has to be taken that they are not exposed too long. The minute facets of diamonds, so small as to require from 1500 to 2000 for a single carat's weight, can be easily overcut, and the stone destroyed. In the Netherlands division of the exhibition at Paris, rose-diamonds were exhibited which required 1500 to the carat; and that is not the limit to which the cutting can be carried.

The stone having been fixed in the amalgam, which is then hardened by cooling it in water, the workman shews the visitor a little box of fine powder, of which a minute quantity is put, with a few drops of oil, on the mill. This is the diamond-dust with which alone the polishing can be accomplished, and it possesses a value of about L.60 sterling the ounce. It is chiefly obtained in the first process which the diamond undergoes after it has come from the artist, who, if it is a valuable stone, draws out a plan by which it may be cut with the smallest loss of weight. Leaving the mills, we ascend to this department, and find that the workman does everything without the aid of machinery. Having taken two small wooden levers or handles, he selects two diamonds, and fixes one in each. The rough form of the facets are then made by rubbing the one diamond against the other over a little box, which receives the powder as it falls.

The Star of the South, a brilliant of the purest water, as seen at the Paris Exhibition, was cut in the factory of Mr Coster; and the ablest artist of the establishment, Mr Voorsanger, had the honour of successfully re-cutting the Koh-i-noor in the workshop of the crown-jeweller at London. The *médaille d'honneur*, which the imperial commissioners at Paris assigned 'pour les lapidaires diamantaires de Hollande: taille de diamants et roses livrés au commerce,' was well bestowed.

The Koh-i-noor, when presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria by the East India Company, was of an irregular egg-form, and the cutting had been so unskillfully executed that its appearance scarcely surpassed that of cut crystal. In the sides were grooves which had been cut for the purpose of fastening it in the former setting, and near the top was a small split. To remove these without greatly reducing the weight, presented considerable difficulties, but Mr Coster was of opinion that these might be overcome in the hands of a skilful workman. Several models were presented to Her Majesty, out of which she selected the form it now bears, that of a regular brilliant. To accomplish the work of re-cutting, a small engine, of four horsepower, was erected to drive the diamond-mills. The cutting was commenced on the 16th July 1852, and finished in thirty-eight working-days of twelve hours each. In removing one of the flaws, the speed of the revolving plane required to be increased to 3000

revolutions in the minute, and even then the object was attained slowly. The velocity with which the mill rotates, and pressure on the lever which rests the diamond upon the plane, alone give power to the workman. That pressure may either be applied by the hand, or weights proportioned to the size of the stone and nature of the work. In cutting the Koh-i-noor, it was regulated so as to be capable of being increased from one to fifteen Netherlands pounds.

The process reduced the Koh-i-noor from 186 $\frac{1}{2}$  carats to 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; considerably under the average loss, which is estimated at one half or more. The Star of the South, when uncut, weighed 254 carats, and is now 125, the reduction being somewhat more than half. No large diamonds were ever before cut with so little diminution of their weight. The 'Regent,' which belongs to the crown-jewels of France, lost nearly two-thirds. But this is not the only circumstance which points out the great progress made in the art of diamond-cutting. The time required to perform the work has been very much shortened. The Regent occupied two years; while the Koh-i-noor, which is only thirty-seven carats lighter, was finished in less than six weeks; and the Star of the South, twelve carats smaller than the Regent, was cut in three months. Moreover, no one can look at the cabinet of models in Mr Coster's room without recognising the superiority of the Koh-i-noor and the Star of the South over any of the other gems which belong to the sovereigns of Europe.

The manner in which the value of cut diamonds is calculated, makes it of the greatest importance that the weight should be reduced as little as possible. A stone of one carat is valued at L.8 sterling, while one twice the weight is worth L.32; the rule being, 'the square of the weight multiplied by the price of a stone weighing unity,' gives the true value. According to this principle, the Koh-i-noor is worth about L.90,000, and the Star of the South L.125,000. But the rule is never applied to stones of a very large size; these possess a value altogether arbitrary.

By cutting, the peculiar brilliancy of the diamond is brought out and its value fixed. Then the jeweller adds new beauty by tasteful setting. His skilful combination of various kinds of precious stones, so that the one may impart splendour to the other, makes the starry rays of the diamond sparkle with glory in the tiara, brooch, or necklace. During the last twenty years, great progress has been made in the art of setting, of which splendid specimens were exhibited both at the London and Paris Exhibitions. Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds are now formed into anemones, roses, carnations, tulips, convolvuli, lilies, and other flowers. Probably, the idea originated with the glory which is seen, early on a summer morning, when the rising sun shines on the dewy flowers.

The revolution in France, at the end of the last century, nearly ruined the jewellers of Paris, and for a time gave a check to improvement. Under the imperial government of Napoleon I., some progress was again made, but the art only began to flourish after the restoration. At first, they worked with stones of the second class, such as topazes, amethysts, and aigue-marines, with which trinkets of more appearance than value could be made. Afterwards, it was found that by imitating flowers, the number of precious stones, in proportion to the size of the jewel, could be reduced without injuring the effect; while diamonds of less purity, such as those of Bahia, could be more freely used. The practice of setting diamonds in silver, and rubies in gold, so as to impart an apparent increase of size to the one, and splendour of colour to the other, became more general; and the most beautiful designs have been wrought out with the greatest neatness and taste. At no period in the history of

the world have so fine specimens of the jeweller's art been produced as during the present century by the artists of London and Paris.

### A FEW WORDS ABOUT HEROES.

Mr friend M'Haggis is a bluff, hirsute, jolly-looking fellow, so plain of speech and hearty in manner, that you would take him for a man-o'-war's man, imperious to delicate sensations, and never suspect him to be the victim of a weakness. He accosts you with a tone that breathes nothing but the sincerest concern in your health and welfare, and gives your hand a squeeze, which says, as plainly as a squeeze can say it, I'm your friend, every way. His resemblance to one of Her Majesty's naval defenders is increased by his having seen some service in the tropics; and his brown face is one that I like to look upon; and to hear the homely accent of Annandale in his voice, whenever he calls at our office, is one of my social pleasures.

M'Haggis writes M.D. after his name, and not unworthily. He can handle his pen, too, and has entertained the world with an account of his travels, and sickened it with a learned treatise or two on the *Black Vomit*. He is a man of some note and consideration; and he always seemed so well satisfied with himself, and contented with his lot, that I really thought appearances did not belie him.

Judge of my astonishment, when one day I was made aware that M'Haggis had a weakness. What do you think it was? You will never guess, so I'll tell you at once. It was for a title. M.D. was not enough; and he had a great desire to be made a Commander of the Bath, in order that he might have the felicity of seeing his name in full dress on his title-pages and elsewhere: David Grampian M'Haggis, C.B., M.D. Grant him but that, and his ambition would be satisfied.

It was he himself who told me of it. He called one day, and sitting down with rather a grave countenance, opened his heart on the whole subject. He had been trying his hand at a pull of the wires of diplomacy. He had written a letter to Sir George Grey, intimating that, as certain Crimean heroes had been decorated or belittled, he thought that he who had not served in the Crimea, but had served somewhere else, was also not undeserving of some similar mark of consideration.

The reply was not encouraging. The minister didn't see the matter from the same point of view, or feel himself called on to accept the conclusions of the applicant. M'Haggis, however, being a man of mettle, and, as it turned out, imbued with a largish sense of his own merits, incontinent sat down and wrote a rejoinder that filled four pages of foolscap, reiterating his former argument in stronger terms, supporting it with a platoon of additional facts and a battery of cogent reasons. Having sealed and despatched this lengthy document, he awaited the result with the feeling of a man who has done his best, and is assured of success.

He waited three days, at the end of which a large official envelope was placed in his hands: it contained a sheet of foolscap, on which was written a short sentence bearing internal evidence of not having passed through the circumlocution office. It ran thus:

'Sir George Grey has received Mr M'Haggis's letter.'

'That rather doubles me up,' said Mac, as he handed me the unflattering missive, in the vain hope that I might find a crumb of comfort in it.

Still he would not flinch; his resources were not yet exhausted. Pressure from without must now be exercised—that was clear. He was interesting all his friends, and they were numerous, in the case. One, an M.P., had promised to use his influence; two or three

others had promised to speak to somebody else; and he wanted me to write to the governor of Deadmannaboo, with whom I had some acquaintance, to urge him to ask the Colonial Minister to say a good word to the Home Minister in favour of M'Haggis, and move that cautious functionary to grant to the said M'Haggis the much-coveted C.B.

Here were resources with a vengeance. As he opened them out before me, I looked at him half in doubt as to whether he were really the same man I had known for so many years as an apparently favourable specimen of unsophisticated human nature. My writing such a letter as he suggested was clearly out of the question, and I asked him whether—which was not likely—he obtained his title by such means as he purposed to employ, he could reconcile himself to wear it?

'Why not?' he answered, with that hearty voice of his, which shewed that whatever others might think, he, for one, had no misgivings on the subject.

'Why not?' I replied. 'Pardon me, Mac, but you can't be serious. No man with proper self-respect could think of begging for a title, or of exhibiting it, should his petition unluckily prove successful.'

'I don't see that,' he rejoined in a tone somewhat less confident than before.

'Of course, you don't, my dear fellow, or you would never have risked your peace of mind and the esteem of your friends on such a venture. I am very sorry to see you at your time of life forming one of that already too numerous class who are always hankering after distinctions.'

'But there is many a one enjoying the dignity who doesn't deserve it half so well as I do.'

'That is nothing to the purpose,' rejoined I. 'If the C.B. be worth anything at all, what have you done that is worth it? You, however, don't wait to have it offered; you ask for it. And you would wear it in the face of your friends as if it had been a free gift on the part of Her Majesty. Oh, Mac, Mac! and you knowing all the while that if a man's own heart does not tell him he deserves praise or reward, his distinctions are apt to become a source of self-reproach.'

To particularise what followed is needless: suffice it that Mac has not yet obtained the much-coveted initials, and the chances appear to be against him. Taken by itself, his case might be considered hardly worth print; but when we know that it is an example of a wide-spread, and by no means commendable practice, we may use it as a warning. Now-a-days, everybody wants to be thought somebody; and a great many will take no pains to be virtuous unless their deeds are trumpeted to the world. Of such the moral law is: Don't do your best because it is your duty to do so, but because you hope to be praised or rewarded. 'Why should I not have an order?' said one of the functionaries of the hospital department, when he came home from the Crimea.

'What have you done?' was the retort.

'Why, we put the department into a good and proper state; it was bad enough before, as all the world knows.'

'True; but that is just what you were sent to do; and now would you have some special mark of consideration because you did it?'

'Well, you see, the appointment raised us to a certain rank, involving some degree of distinction; and why should we not wear something to perpetuate that distinction?'

See how the craving for 'honours,' as they are called, betrays a man into faulty logic and false morality. But is not this the manufacturing age, and is there not a manufacture of heroes as well as of calico and railway bars? I for one am a hero-worshipper, and don't mind avowing the fact; but I have not yet been able to worship manufactured heroes, or to feel any sympathy with those who are always ready to come forward

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with their testimonial. Don't I remember how sundry infatuated people gave £10,000 to a Railway King, just because he made a great fortune by speculation? Don't I know that in Paris the Minister of the Interior has always on his books a list of nearly 2000 names of candidates for the decoration of the *Légion d'honneur*?—and don't I know that an eager and active canvass is always carried on by this crowd of aspirants, each one striving to get the bit of red ribbon before his competitor? And when I read from time to time in the *Moniteur* that the emperor has been pleased to confer the cross on M. So-and-so, in consideration, &c., &c., I know that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, there was no other consideration than that of silencing the noisiest or most troublesome claimant. No wonder the Parisians call it the *Légion d'horreur*.

If everybody is to be distinguished, where is your great man? Not to have a decoration, to be a nobody, must, with the present tendency, come in time to be the distinction. Are our perceptions dwarfed, or is not doing one's duty become so much the rule and practice, that duty honestly done is regarded as the exception, and as especially worthy of applause? Is human praise, after all, of more worth than the voice of conscience? I incline to think not, and I regard the fuss made of late with heroes as an unfavourable sign of the times. I have never heard or read that Cromwell's Ironsides craved for any special marks of distinction; and we all know how they did their duty. If the really deserving do not find within themselves something to animate their sense of duty—to sustain their hope—then conscience is dead, and in its stead we must have crosses, stars, and ribbons. Some warriors are distinguished because on a certain day they wore a red coat in a certain place; and some savans because they have ruined their health by useless researches: nevertheless, it is still true, as the *Times* says, that 'to some honours are given, to others honour.'

#### TIMBER-BENDING.

ALL woods are more or less flexible, or capable of being bent; but by timber-bending, the giving it a *permanent set* is meant. The willow is well known in one of its applications to be divided into slender prismatic filaments, and dyed and curled, and used in partly-coloured bunches as a summer ornament for our fire-grates; and these strips are also known to be woven into a fabric for ladies' bonnets. The ash is familiar to us, bent into trundling hoops, and measures for dry commodities. The yew appears in the trusty bow; and the lime figures in pill-boxes. We are accustomed to see cheap articles of cabinet-work embellished with a covering somewhat thicker than a shaving or a coat of paint, of choice walnut, maple, rosewood, or Spanish mahogany in the form of veneers, which are applied to curves often of a very complex nature. These, with many more that could be adduced, are familiar examples of the susceptibility of extreme curvature which most woods possess when reduced to thin proportions.

The pliancy exemplified in the thin veneer is carried out, though less extremely, in the laminated arch-rib of many railway-bridges and station-roofs. These curved ribs are composed of a number of thin boards of suitable width, bent over, and closely nailed and bolted to each other, their cross-joints successively overlapping, till any moderate void can be spanned; and that, too, with a structure which is very homogeneous in point of strength. The horseshoe beams of the audience part of a theatre are sometimes formed in a similar manner.

The curvatures referred to do not involve the processes belonging to timber-bending; the objects mentioned are mechanical combinations of materials which owe their curvature to the agents employed in their union; but bent timber, properly so called, is solid and single, having its mass reduced to the desired flexure

without the means being apparent. The agency by which this has hitherto been effected is mainly heat, applied either by boiling or steaming; and the method is chiefly practised for ship-building purposes. The average time occupied is an hour for every inch in thickness; the fibres are temporarily softened, and the strength of the timber is permanently, though considerably impaired—that is, *per se*, but often the reverse by virtue of its new form and position; the wood is at the same time rendered less subject to decay, or to warp or crack. Of the other objects of its application may be mentioned walking-sticks and gig-shafts: the crook of the former is a quick curve, very trying to the longitudinal strength and lateral coherence of the fibres; both of which may occasionally be found injured. To a gig-shaft is given such a curvature, and that not all lying in the same plane, that unless a piece of timber could be found having the proper bend naturally, not only would a very wide plank, but a very thick one, be necessary to cut it out of—a method that would be attended with much waste, and with the more serious evil of cross-wood, where toughness is indispensable.

Hitherto, by the processes in use, curvatures of short radius have only been accomplished in slender materials; those obtained in large timbers have been but of long radius; and it has been customary to consider, looking at the structure of the material, that little more could be achieved. It appears, however, that in America a timber-bending company is in existence possessing patent processes by which are effected curvatures hitherto undreamed of; and that a company is now forming in the British metropolis, having for its object the purchasing patent-rights for the United Kingdom, and for the selling of machines, and granting of licences upon payment of a royalty. The following is the substance of their statement, sanctioned by reports from Mr George Rennie, Mr Fairbairn, Dr Hooker, and other scientific and practical men:—

The present power of bending timber is exceedingly limited and expensive, and the product very unsatisfactory. Those parts of the wood where the curvature is greatest, are rendered invariably the weakest. All woods, English or foreign, of almost any size, can, by the new process, be bent to any form, angle, or curve, with the most conclusive results. The fibres are not in any way injured. The wood becomes almost impervious to damp and insect. Its density is increased, rendering it less liable to take fire. Its strength is enhanced, at least 75 per cent., at the very point where most required. It matters not whether the wood be cross-grained, knotty, seasoned, or new: the cross-grains are thrown into right angles; the knots are compelled to follow the impulse of the bending; and the juices are forced out of the cells of the wood, the cavities filled up by the interlacing fibres. Seasoning thus going hand in hand with condensation, the locking up of capital while timber is undergoing the necessary changes, will be obviated. As additional strength is gained, so, in proportion, will the size of timbers used be reduced. Time will be saved that is now spent in searching for woods suitable for carrying out particular designs. The present expensive method of cutting out and shaping timber will be superseded; and a saving of three-fourths of the material be effected. The machinery is so simple and cheap, that it can be acquired by persons of the most moderate means.

The results mentioned are stated to be obtained by *end-pressure*. It may be inferred, from the condensing and the interlacing of the fibres, that this is accompanied by lateral pressure, and with machinery of a kind which is adaptable to any degree of curvature.

In the consideration of this subject, the various stiffness of the different woods should be borne in mind, and also their various tensile strength. In a

series of well-known woods, the former varies from 44 to 126, oak being 100; and the latter ranges from 5928 to 17,200 pounds per square inch of section. The promoters of the English company exhibit, among a variety of examples, one carriage-wheel having the felloes cut out of straight-grained, and another having them formed of bent wood. In the former, only a certain quantity of the fibres extend uncut from spoke to spoke, and part of the wood is cross-grained; in the latter, the whole of the fibres follow, uncut, the curvature of the wheel. They also exhibit a horseshoe chair-back, ready for the chisel: here, if we take the length of the wood as 43 inches, its breadth 2, the radius to the outside of the curve 8, and the arc three-fourths of a circle, terminated at each end with a short curve of reverse flexure, we find that the length is, on the inner side, compressed to 40 inches, and on the outer extended to 45 $\frac{3}{4}$ . It is therefore not surprising that inwards from the neutral line, and especially towards the inner face, the juices should be squeezed out of the capillary tubes, and the fibres knuckle into or interlace themselves in them; or that outwards from the neutral line, and especially towards the outer side, the fibres should be brought more compactly together. The parts subjected to the severest trial would seem to be the outward portion of the outer half, where the tensile strain approaches its utmost intensity.

Should the soundness of the conclusions arrived at be established, and the practical and economical elements be put on a liberal and accessible basis, a new era will dawn over the entire range of arts in which wood plays a prominent part, and as distinctive a variety in architecture be initiated as that originated by the ferro-vitreous palace in Hyde Park.

#### IDIOLS.

Wonder not because the heathen  
Make them gods of wood and clay—  
Hold we not as blind an error  
E'en in this most Christian day?  
Thou dost nurse, O man benighted,  
Idol-worship dark as they!

Ere thou sneerest at the savage,  
Make a search within thy breast.  
Pierce the veil of self-delusion;  
Search—be brave! spare nought the test!  
Search within that inner temple  
Where thy Maker placed His shrine—  
Well for thee if ne'er polluted  
By some graven thing of thine;  
If there thou find such idol standing,  
Know it for a base usurper;  
Raise thine arm, and strike it down.

If thou, with a world-warped vision,  
Look at human praise or blame,  
Pointing all thy best endeavours  
To a day-remembered name;  
If thou seek this earth's distinctions,  
Honours, and the pride of place,  
And wouldst use the necks of brethren  
For thy passage in the race;  
If thou to thy franker spirit  
Dost a deep and paltry wrong,  
And, to suit the hour's opinions,  
Tune thy teaching or thy song:  
Tremble! thou hast raised an Idol  
Moloch-like, most fierce and blind—  
Day by day its false dominion  
Shall deceive and sway thy mind.  
Up! while yet thou canst resist;  
Bring thy darling work to ruins—  
Raise thine arm, and strike it down.

If thou, with a worse ambition,  
Give thy hopes to sordid gain,  
Wed to toil, so that the future  
Bring thee crops of golden grain;  
Know, poor soul! to this thine Idol  
Kings and magi bowed of old,  
Yet it is accursed, treacherous,  
And most worthless, though of gold.  
It will press its glittering finger  
On thine heart; the evil spell  
Shall benumb all generous feelings  
Which, like blessings, there should dwell.  
Wilt thou be its slave, O Christian?  
Kneel not in its blighting shadow—  
Raise thine arm, and smite it down.

Woman, in whose soul's closed chamber  
Is a shrine, revered away,  
Wo to thee, poor, fond fanatic,  
For thine Idol is of clay!  
Thou hast painted it with colours  
Lent by Love's delusive eyes,  
And in stolen hours of worship  
Hast given thy heart in sacrifice!  
Dost thou dare to raise an image  
Earth-born, to a hallowed shrine?  
Ah, remove it—or thy boldness  
May provoke a Hand divine  
(Wise in judgments) which thy treasure  
From its standing-place may wrench,  
And leave a heap of burning ashes  
For thy streaming tears to quench.  
Come—be patient! In the creature  
Thou wert losing the Creator:  
Raise thine hand, and bring it down.

Brethren, from all erring worship  
Keep we our heart-temples free—  
Lay the strong axe to the basis  
Of our false idolatry.  
Some, perchance, have served a lifetime  
To a Dagon, huge and vain,  
And their hearts have brought with labour  
Every stone which marks his fane.  
They have fed him with the incense  
Of unnumbered hopes and fears;  
Courage! wound this social despot,  
And how shrunk his size appears!  
Strike! heed not the falling rubbish  
Or the subtle dust which blindeth,  
Strike with vigour—lay him low!

M. A. D.

#### 'FROEBEL'S GARDENS FOR CHILDREN.'

Since the appearance of the above article in No. 136, we have ascertained that the Kindergarten of Froebel were tried in 1851 at Hampstead, near London, and that since then they have met with considerable success at Grove House, Kentish Town. The directors, Mr and Mrs Ronge, have published *A Practical Guide to the English Kindergarten*, and this is now in the list of books issued by the Committee of the Council of Education. In 1854, Mr and Mrs Ronge established an Institution for the training of teachers, young ladies, and nurses, and in consequence of this publicity given to the system, various Kindergärten have been established by ladies, and the form of education introduced into the nurseries of distinguished families in Belgravia and other aristocratic quarters. Finally, a monthly journal was commenced by Mr Ronge in May last, to serve as the expositor and chronicle of the new system.

#### NOTICE.

Communications are requested to be addressed, as formerly, to 339 HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

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